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14 is probably the same. V 7 is the month *Xul*, and the number is really 11, while the glyph of S 10 is the day *Lamat*, and the number here also is 11. T 12 is the *Tun* sign, and not *Ahau*. W 14 is the day *Chicchan*, and not a woman's back (there is here an error in Catherwood's drawing). V 17 is probably the month *Kayab*, and the number is 12 and not 13. Now, all these signs of the months *Xul*, *Ceh*, and *Kayab*, of the days *Lamat* and *Chicchan*, and of the *Tun* and *Uinal* symbols are made equivalent to the sign *pak* or *pek*, meaning a dog, and why? Merely to enable the author to give the name of *Oxlahun pek*, or Thirteen dogs, which is said to have been the name of a warrior who formerly lived in Guatemala; and in order to find this name, he mis-calls the numbers 11 and 12 as 13.

Once more Dr Campbell says (page 127):

"*'Bolonpak'* or the city of Palenque is E 1, and F 1 commences with *holhun*, 15, which is followed by *bak*, corded, and a common Aztec and Maya hieroglyphic, *tun*, a stone."

Now, E 1 F 1 are really the date 9 *Ik* 15 *Ceh*. This date is distant from the next date by just the number of days given in D 13-C 15, counting the days of the month as running from 1 to 20.

Dr Campbell again says that F 2 begins with *ox*, thinking that he sees the number 3 as a superfix of the glyph; but the drawing also deceives him here, for the superfix does not denote a number, as can readily be seen from the photograph. But taking the glyph as meaning *ox tzem xulob*, he calls this the equivalent of *yok dzau xulob*!

Dr Campbell has apparently been led astray by erroneous drawings, by mistaken analogies, and by an insufficient knowledge of the Maya language, and his paper will have to be placed in the same category as Parry's "Sacred Maya Stone of Mexico" and Rochefoucauld's "Palenque." It should be said, however, that on page 112 the author has well stated the views of many American archeologists when he declares that Morgan was wrong in his attempts to unify the architecture of all the tribes of American Indians and to bring the civilization of the Mayas to the level of that of the Pueblo and other communal Indians.

CHARLES P. BOWDITCH.

A Brief and True Report of the New Found Land of Virginia. Sir Walter Raleigh's Colony of MDLXXXV. By THOMAS HARIOT, Mathematician. With an Introduction. London: Henry Stevens, Son, and Stiles. 1900. 2 vols., pp. 84 and 213.

When a man deliberately avoids the obvious paths toward worldly fame, has posterity a right to insist upon making him famous? Thomas

Hariot, to whom more than to any other we are indebted for definite, comprehensive, trustworthy information about the country and the people found by the earliest English settlers in North America, persistently neglected fame. He knew his own worth; he and his friends were well aware of the importance of the things he did. He was urged to place his claims on record — not for the sake of mundane glory, but in order that the world of scholarship might retain in published form the additions which he had made to the world's stock of knowledge. Hariot delayed and worked on, content with the recognition of friendship, with the delightful satisfaction of helping Raleigh and Henry Percy of Northumberland in their literary and scientific recreations, with the pleasures of correspondence with Kepler, Galileo, and the others who coöperated with them in finding out what was unknown.

Hariot lived and died a typical scholar of an age when scholarship was ripening and bearing fruit. He would have been forgotten, as he has been by a large portion of the community of readers, but for the accident that his only publication was a privately printed tract, issued for a temporary purpose, in which he described the land wherein, two and a half centuries later, was developed the collecting of Americana. Few things written in the sixteenth century are more easily accessible, and yet Hariot is known only as the writer of a bibliographical treasure of unusual rarity. He visited America, wrote and printed this pamphlet to serve his patron's needs, and then turned his attention to other things. For thirty years he devoted himself to study, preparing the way for Descartes by his algebraic innovations and improvements; developing the telescope and, cotemporary with Galileo, working out the problems of the stars; training the seamen who led his patron's fleets to the fatal land of El Dorado; reading and noting the books out of which Raleigh constructed the *History of the World*. At the end he left, contentedly, a chest of papers. His disciples put together for publication a volume of the *Algebra*, but the remainder, the flotsam of a great scholar's study table, came down to the present generation in much the same confusion as when their master left them. Fate did its best to respect his preferences. More than a century ago, a German savant came upon the chest and undertook the task of arranging, elucidating, and publishing Hariot's remains. He made public just enough to prove the old truth that the individual to whom the world credits any great innovation is largely a matter of chance, and then abandoned the labor. A hundred years later, Henry Stevens, in his persistently successful quest for things American or interesting, found the chest again, and in 1878 finished and printed his account of what the papers revealed. And now, after twenty years more, his son has at last issued the volume

which explains why "Hariot's Virginia" is still the best description of North America in the sixteenth century.

The man who could reason out the improvements to Euclid, who could detect the data from which he plotted the courses of the planets, was no ordinary observer. Hariot was still a young man, full of energetic enthusiasm tempered by university training and by responsibility for the success of the affair in hand, when he spent a year in the New World. His account of the country and the people is, naturally, an important and an interesting document. It is suggestive of our habits of reading and research that the slight general acquaintance with the text of Hariot's report appears to be due to the fact that it contains almost nothing that can be utilized for the immediate purposes of narrative historical writing, and that in consequence the historians have been content to mention his name, with a statement that the book is important and very rare. The original edition, privately issued in 1588, is undoubtedly scarce, but the text was reprinted within a year in Hakluyt's first collection of the *Principall Navigations*, and a year later it was again published, with translations into French and Latin, as the first volume of De Bry's great series of voyages. Hakluyt included it in his *Voyages* in 1600, and with the rest of Hakluyt's great work it was reprinted by Evans in 1809, by Mr Tarbox in the Prince Society volume for 1884, and by Goldsmid of Edinburgh in 1889. In 1871 De Bry's edition was reproduced in lithographic facsimile in New York, in 1888 Mr Harry Rylands edited a similar facsimile for the Holbein Society, and in 1893 Bernard Quaritch reprinted it, reduced to small quarto size, in London. Mr Stevens' edition is the first since Hakluyt which reproduces the accurate text of Hariot's own edition.

Many Englishmen had visited America in the years since John Cabot showed them the way across the north Atlantic, but Hariot and his fellows of Raleigh's colony were the first who spent any considerable time in examining the New World. They arrived off the coast of Florida on June 20, 1585, and a week later selected their camping place inside the bars which guard the Carolina coast to the south of Cape Hatteras. During the eight or ten months that followed, Hariot made frequent visits to the natives living in the neighborhood of the English settlement, and he participated in some of the exploring expeditions which gathered data for mapping Pamlico and Albemarle sounds and the seacoast as far north as the entrance to Chesapeake bay. As spring passed into summer the Indians became less friendly, objecting to the steady drain upon their supplies of provisions to maintain the strangers who were doing little to provide for their own needs, present or prospective. Plans were made for driving out the visitors, but these were

successfully frustrated. Meanwhile the promised succor from home failed to arrive, and when, early in June, Sir Francis Drake came up the coast to inquire what he might do to assist the colonists, they decided to return with him to England.

The attempt ended, like many another before and since, but Raleigh had provided Hariot to be his eyes in the new land, and from him he received a report which remains of inestimable value to everyone who would know what North America and its inhabitants were like in 1585.

GEORGE PARKER WINSHIP.

Indian Story and Song from North America. By ALICE C. FLETCHER.
Boston : Small, Maynard, & Co. 1900. 12°, xiv, 126 pp.

It is to be regretted that in American ethnology (and perhaps in all sciences) the explorers seldom come in touch with the public. They write for the few, and present their subject in plain language, but do not take pains to make it attractive with graces of diction. Their knowledge passes through the hands of persons less accurately informed, and sometimes less zealous for exact truth, in order to reach the many.

In the work before us Miss Fletcher has departed from the precedent of her confrères. Having marched for years in the advance guard of ethnology, she has halted for a while to tell her tale to the people. Her little collection of *Indian Story and Song* must prove entertaining and instructive to all readers ; it does not belong to what Bandelier calls the "romantic school" of ethnology, yet it must serve to give the average Caucasian a more exalted idea of the savage mind.

We once heard a prosaic gentleman denounce, as affected, those persons who profess to admire Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break." It had no meaning, he said ; it told nothing. Perhaps he desired in poetry something like Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, which leaves nothing to be explained or imagined. The charm of the poem to the impressionable is that it suggests without explaining. Taxing not the intellect, it awakens in the mind emotions such as the poet must have felt, if in a less degree. But if the appreciative reader knows something of the poet's early life, of his youthful friendship, and of his great bereavement, he sees a yet deeper meaning in the poem. Read a biography of Tennyson up to his twenty-fourth year, then read these four short stanzas, and the waves will crash on the "cold gray stones" with an added sadness in their monotony.

Such is the light that Miss Fletcher throws on Indian songs. "Meaningless grunts," as some have called them, take on a meaning under her hands ; the senseless vocables, the disjointed sentences, the